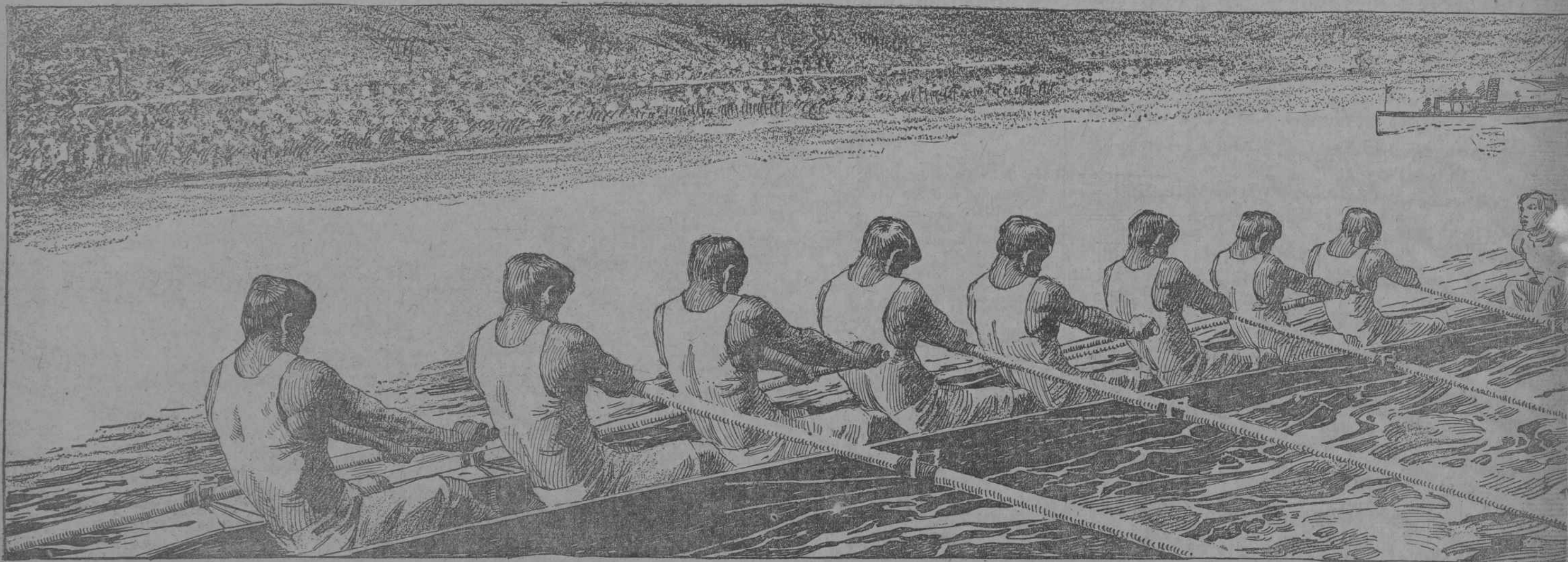


FINISH OF THE INTERCOLLEGIATE EIGHT-OARED SHELL RACE ON THE HUDSON



SOCIETY SEES THE RACE

By Cholly Knickerbocker.

IT WAS beastly hot and beastly dirty. The race itself was a thing of joy to the Cornell people—but as the most of us wore either crimson or blue we felt that Poughkeepsie was only a place of dust and disappointment. The Harvard contingent was especially of this opinion. With them before the race it was to laugh.

Such good reports of the imported English stroke had come to them that the chapplesettes decked themselves out in honor of fair Harvard and the chappies gave an extra roll to the bottom of their trousers for luck and Lehmann.

All signs pointed to Cambridge. And when J. Pierpont Morgan's splendid yacht, the Corsair, dropped anchor off Poughkeepsie in the early afternoon it seemed to make certainty of security. For the Corsair was all afloat with lurid loyalty. Her rigging simply reeked with Harvard hunting.

But that was not nearly all that Mr. Morgan did to give hope and encouragement to his favorite college. He had a party of thirty people aboard the observation train and these were hid in a cloud of crimson.

Belmont in Color.

Not less conspicuous in enthusiasm for Harvard was August Belmont, who was accompanied by Mrs. Belmont and some two and twenty of the elite of the Hempstead colony. As Mr. Belmont shares fame in finance with Mr. Morgan, so he vied with him yesterday in a display of flags and ribbons and buttons and red rosettes. His hat, his button-holes, his cane and his umbrella all did service in honoring his alma mater. So did his handsome wife and his two and twenty followers from the royal plains of Hempstead.

Stanley Mortimer and Mrs. Mortimer, Van Kenschoten Kennedy and Mrs. Kennedy, Oliver Bird and Mrs. Bird, W. C. Eustis and Miss May Bird, George Eustis and all the rest of the party were heart and soul and hands and heels and screaming throats and roaring megaphones for Harvard.

But when the race was over and Harvard trailed in an inglorious last, no peep could be heard from the Belmont party. Silently and sadly their chieftain folded his ribbons and flags about him and led the way from the perch in the observation train down to

the cinders and gravel of the West Shore Railroad, and marched ankle deep in dust to the special conveyance that had brought him from New York.

There was a look on "Angie's" face that recalled the day that Octagon failed to win the Belmont Stakes at Morris Park, and so the two and twenty walked solemnly behind in reflected sadness.

With the passing of J. Pierpont Morgan and August Belmont there faded Harvard's greatest glory.

Yale's Friends Plenty.

Yale's cohorts were numerous and brass-throated all through the race to the last half mile. Then the speed and stamina of Cornell struck them dumb, and when they got the chance they stole away with the noiselessness of mice. First in all the Yale representation I would place the Adees family. And first in all the Adees family is George, president of the Yale Alumni Association, and best loved of Eli's sons. George was there, of course. He is always where Yale needs him most. Mrs. Adees was there, too, and even more enthusiastic than her husband. And so were the two boys, but lately out of Yale, and little Miss Nellie Adees, whose greatest grief is that she can't go to Yale.

But this doesn't exhaust the Adees. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Adees were there with Mrs. Adees's father, General Louis Fitzgerald, the handsomest representative of New York's militia. "Phil" and "Fred" Adees, Yale rowers for more than twenty years, were on hand, and hard at work at the same old game.

Decked Out in Blue.

"Jack" Curtis, the most popular member of the University Club, was waving a Yale flag to beat the band. He was ably assisted by George Lodowick McAlpin, a brother of the General, and the only member of the clan McAlpin ever graduated from Yale.

In the same car with these two enthusiasts was Herman Livingston, of the Catskill Livingstons. He was Yale's champion single sculler in his day, and the best kind of a fellow that grows beneath the elms.

Another exceedingly popular member of this same set that carried his college loves into after years was "Sam" Hopkins, who married Miss Mary Howland Poll last Spring. Of course, Mr. Hopkins had his bride with him, and, of course, she had to

struggle to keep from weeping when Yale was beaten.

"Timmy" Was There.

But of all the adherents of Yale none was more ardent in his efforts to overcome Cornell's lead than the Hon. Timothy Lester Woodruff, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York. Governor Woodruff was accompanied by Mrs. Woodruff, who is a native of Poughkeepsie. Their courtship began when the Governor was an undergraduate at Yale, and their marriage followed immediately after he left college. Both were radiant with hope before the race and gloomy with disappointment after it. They had a number of friends with them as guests.

Perhaps the most democratic man on all that long observation train was John Jacob Astor. He had Mrs. Astor with him, and took a lively interest in everything that was going on. He was not offensively partisan at any stage of the proceedings, and I don't believe that anybody could tell what college he was "rooting" for. When I saw him he had his coat off and seemed more intent on getting cool than anything else.

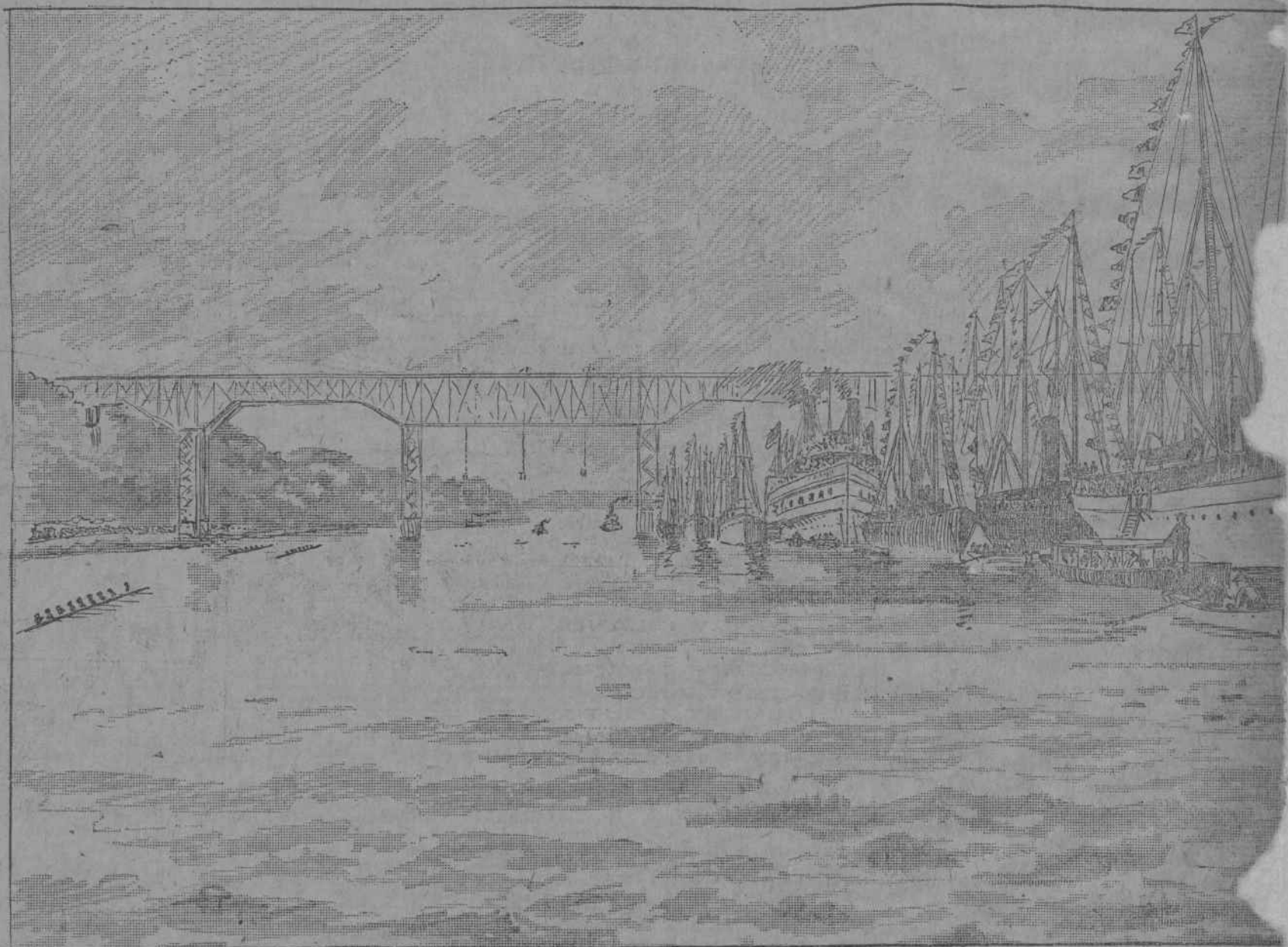
Commodore Hatch There.

The most conspicuous sympathizer with Cornell was Edward S. Hatch, vice-commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. He had his yacht, Huron, decked from stem to stern with the Ithaca colors. Wherever a Cornell flag could be hung it was there, and the Huron was literally covered with Cs.

Another aggressive Cornell man was Colonel William Barnes, of Albany, who can attract about as much attention when he starts out for that purpose as any other single individual in the Empire State. He had Cornell colors all over him. He was accompanied by Mrs. Barnes, who is a great social power in Albany and who seconded her husband's preference for the red and white.

Still another Cornell supporter was State Senator Horace White, whose father donated a large sum to the Ithaca University. With Mr. and Mrs. Barnes was Colonel W. C. Treadwell, Governor Black's military secretary, but I think the Colonel wore the colors of fair Harvard, which were not more crimson than his face when Mrs. Barnes had ceased her exultations.

I had fully expected that William C. Whitney and his family would have been there to see his son Payne row. Payne was No. 2 in the Yale boat. But look as I would I could find no trace of the Whitneys anywhere.



SCENE ALONG THE COURSE, THE OBSERVATION TRAIN.

